

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 20 — VOL. XVII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1865.

NO. 851.

THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE,

A ROMANCE

(Concluded.)

PRESENTIMENT told him, that it was to pre-
the suit of a favored rival: he, however, sup-
pressed his mortification, and assured her of his
readiness to do whatever she desired.

Constantia, too, guessed the purport of the in-
tended commission—Nature could not endure
the conflict, and she fell senseless on the floor.
Olivia started from her seat, and, grasping the
cold hand of her friend, cried—"Oh! Heaven!
—what has my rashness done!"

"Cruel girl!" exclaimed Matilda, raising
her child in her arms—"Could you not for a
short time restrain your insidious triumph!—
You have intentionally destroyed my Constantia!"

"Oh! do not reproach me!" cried Olivia.
"Indeed, dear madam, I meant not to distress
her."

"Olivia," said De Lacy, with a serious as-
pect, "I believe you do not design; but, be
more prudent—be cautious how you act, and
have some consideration for our poor, ill-fated
child!"

Tears streamed down the cheeks of Olivia.
—"Heaven is my witness," she replied,
"that I would die to preserve the life of my
friend!"

Matilda, no longer able to bear the scene,
quitted the room with Constantia, when De La-
cy resumed—

"How can you say so!—you know that the
letter with which you designed to trouble Lord
Russel was concerning your intended nuptials."

"It was, indeed!" replied Olivia, with a
deep sigh—while, as if in contradiction, a faint
smile stole across her features.

Russel rose in agitation, and quitted the room.
—"Unhappy, ill-fated nuptials!" exclaim-
ed De Lacy.

He was proceeding to utter some bitter invec-
tive, when, catching his hand with an air of
desperation, she cried—"Oh!—do not drive
me mad with your bitter wishes—Believe me,
I am not so happy as you think. Could you
but surmise the cause of my acting thus, you
would not so opprobriously condemn me. I
have now advanced too far to recede, were oth-
er circumstances to admit of it—Unhappily
they do not—time alone can soften the rigour
of our fate; till when you must submit to abide
in ignorance of the mystery which involves my
conduct."

Saying this, she quitted the room with an air
of insulted dignity which astonished De Lacy,
who sought his Lady, and imparted to her the
conversation he had just then had with Olivia.

"Poor girl!" said Matilda pathetically—
"she may not, perhaps, be so culpable as we
suppose; and she may, as she protests, be sway-
ed by motives of which we are ignorant. She
must, I know, be unhappy, let her pursue what
course she will."

* Russel had, meanwhile, impatiently waited
an opportunity of speaking to Olivia: he there-
fore stopped her as she ascended the stairs, and
said with all the impetuosity of a mortified lo-

ver—

"Was it for this, Olivia that you entreated
my aid, to humble my aspiring hopes by this
total defeat! But, trust me, Madam," said he
more haughtily, "I shall no longer meanly
cringe for that favor which is so lightly be-
stowed, where neither feeling nor justice can render
it excusable; nor shall you triumph in my crest-
fallen appearance.—This night I quit the cas-
tle, never to return."

"My Lord," said Olivia, laying her hand
upon his arm with earnestness, "hear what I
have to say: judge me not rashly, I conjure
you. I never wished or attempted to deceive
you with fallacious hopes. The unfortunate
state of my heart is but too well known to all
here. My warmest esteem and sincerest friend-
ship shall ever be yours—more, at present, I
cannot bestow. Yet, if you have still any re-
gard for me, fulfill the promise you made me
this morning. You know not how much de-
pends upon it:—nay, further, I entreat you
to return yourself with the answer—it is es-
sentially requisite, for the happiness of my
friends, and particularly that of Raymond."

Her voice failed as she pronounced his name.
"Very well, Madam," replied Russel, almost
choaking with anger—"I understand you
perfectly—If your father should refuse his
consent to confirm your choice, you may, in
commiseration for my sufferings, confer that
hand upon Russel!—But—no, Madam!—
upon such terms, even that despised outcast
would not accept it!"

"—Nor ever shall!" replied Olivia, her
eyes sparkling with resentment. "Lord Rus-
sel, you may, perhaps, repent this. Notwith-
standing, I shall to-morrow claim your promise.
You are then at liberty, adieu,—You cannot
now retract."

She then sprung from him towards her own
apartment, and, entering the door, left him to
descend the stairs with the contending passions
of grief, love, and revenge.

CHAP. XVIII.

Thus virtue can itself advance
To what the favorite sons of chance
By Fortune seem'd design'd:
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind.

PARNEL.

DURING the absence of Lord Russel, who
failed not to fulfill her request, Olivia seemed
thoughtful and uneasy; but the presence of
Constantia had always the power to dispel her
melancholy, and she behaved to her with more
tenderness than ever. She had received several
letters from Raymond, written in a style of
platonic affection. She always gave them to
Matilda, to read; and, when they were return-
ed to her, sighed deeply, placed them in her
pocket-book, and surveyed Constantia, if pre-
sent with scrutinizing attention.

The return of Lord Russel decided, at once,
their hopes and fears. He delivered the Barons
letter to Olivia with a trembling hand and looks
of hauteur, which ill agreed.—She received it

with no less agitation, and eagerly broke the
seal. As she read, her lips quivered; her
cheeks assumed a paler hue; and she could
scarcely support herself from falling. Russel
held his arm round her with tender concern;
when, clasping her hands together, tears came
to her relief, and she exclaimed—

"All is well!"

Constantia felt very faint, and instantly, at-
tended by Russel, quitted the room. Olivia,
turning to Matilda, said—

"I entreat you, my dear benefactress, be not
distressed, My father has, I own, complied with
my request:—The sooner therefore, we con-
clude this disagreeable and distressing affair, the
better for all parties. Oblige me therefore,
by acquainting Raymond with the event. Pro-
priety will of course, induce him to hasten hith-
er. I would wish the intermediate time to
pass as privately as possible. If you will dis-
pense with my meeting at the accustomed
times with your family. You will also oblige
me much, by detaining Lord Russel, to whom I
have something of importance to communicate
in a day or two."

She then held her handkerchief to her face,
and, pressing the hand of Matilda in silence,
withdrew.

Constantia re-entered, and, throwing her
arms round her mother's neck, wept on her bos-
om.

"Suppress your sorrows, my dear child,"
said Matilda, with forced composure: "bear
your disappointment with patience. It is my
pleasure that you be present at the marriage cer-
emony; therefore exert yourself. Consider
how much you, by this appearance of grief, dis-
tress the already afflicted Raymond! Exert
yourself, therefore, my dear girl, and conquer
this unhappy weakness."

"I will, my best of mothers," said Constania—
"I will conquer this stubborn heart; and
you shall see me all your fondest wishes can de-
sire."

The entrance of Lord Russel now put an end
to the conversation, when he promised obedi-
ence to Olivia's desire.—The conversation then
became general, though not lively; and they
separated at an early hour.

The following morning the expected party
arrived at the Castle. Sir William and his La-
dy entered, followed by Raymond. All eyes
were instantly struck with his altered person,
which was now worn by internal anxiety to a
mere object. He flew to the arms of Matilda,
called her his mother, and could no longer re-
strain his sobs, which burst forth on her mater-
nal bosom. He embraced Russel, but turned
from Constantia with a look which declared how
incapable he was of supporting the interview.
He then, in a almost inarticulate voice, en-
quired for Olivia, and a servant was accordingly
sent to desire her presence. She entered with
a stately but composed air. At the first glimpse
of Raymond's emaciated figure she started; but
recovering herself, paid her respects to them in
an easy, careless manner; and, taking a letter
from her pocket, blushed deeply.

"—This letter," said she, turning to Ray-
mond, who fixed his eyes on the ground, "so

nearly concerns us, that I thought it proper we should all be present at the reading of it. To you, Lord Russel, I assign the task: once more oblige me, by perusing it. You, I believe, are the most indifferent of the party."

She held it out to him; he took it from her, surprise and disdain painted in his eyes.

"Olivia! what mean you? Do you design to turn me into ridicule?"

"Well, well, my Lord, I perceive you are incorrigible. However, I can punish you—Since you will not read it, I must."

"In this letter my father gives his consent to my marrying, provided he chuses to accept me—Lord Russel."

Every one uttered an exclamation of surprise; and Lord Russel, catching the letter which fell from her hands, kissed it with transport; and perceiving the trick she had played him, prostrated himself at her feet with the most rapturous acknowledgments.

"Stay, stay, my Lord," said she, raising him—"I have yet so much to say—restrain these transports, and attend." Then turning to Constantia, she resumed—

"You well know, my dear friend, that I was always acquainted with the most secret sentiments of your soul—Could you, then suppose me, for an instant, capable of doing you a premeditated injury? or, could you think I would meanly accept the hand of a man, whose heart was, I know, devoted to you, and was to me but the offering of compassion? Ah! no!—you yet knew not Olivia—For my friend I would resign much, and for the happiness of those I love, I would relinquish my own. I however, determined to punish you for your suspicions, by concealing from you, for some time, my real intentions: I now entreat pardon for the pain I have caused you all."

Then taking the willing hands of Raymond and Constantia, she joined them. Tears of rapture started from her eyes.

Now my dear friends, (said she) may you be as happy as you deserve."

"Generous friend! (cried Constantia, embracing her) this is too much! You sacrifice your own happiness for mine!"

"Hush!" cried Olivia, putting her hand on her mouth—"you pay me a very ill compliment, by supposing I am not happy in witnessing your felicity." Then addressing Russel, she resumed—"Now my Lord, a few words with you. I have of late received convincing proofs of your worth, and regard for me, though unmerited: if, therefore, after what you have witnessed, as well as heard me declare, you are willing to accept my hand, it is yours. And think, added she, smiling, that, in a little time, respect and esteem will ensure you a reclaimed heart not altogether unworthy your acceptance."

"Fully sensible of the value of the gift, I receive it with joy," cried the astonished and delighted Russel. "This last proof of your worth endears you more than ever to that heart, of which you have long been the dearest object; and I shall restore you to your fond father, as a daughter worthy of his tenderest love; and I shall receive you from his hands as the dearest gift he could bestow."

All being finally adjusted, Olivia took leave of her friends, assuring them of a speedy return; and attended by her devoted Russel, returned to the Baron St. Welham. All past offences were buried in oblivion, and nothing thought of but happiness. Agreeable to the proposed plan, they all returned to Warrenne Castle, and the marriage ceremony was conducted with the utmost magnificence. After a fortnight spent in rejoicing, Lord and Lady Russel returned with the Baron to St. Welham Abbey.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE SEPARATION.

*HOW mournful and solemn the hour
I bid my kind Nancy farewell;
We parted in yon lonely bower,
No more with each other to dwell.*

*Fate doom'd that my Nancy must stray,
And mourn for the loss of her swain,
While I must fly hasty away,
No more to meet Nancy again.*

*O cruel and hard hearted fate,
That forc'd me so hasty to rove;
No pleasures, alas! me await,
I may not return to my love.*

*One hope yet this bosom revives;
Those laws and decrees are of man,
And may change;—when to the best wives
I will return fondly again.*

W.

THE ORPHAN.

*IF pity, sweet maid, ever dwelt in thy breast,
Oh, look with compassion on one that's distress'd,
An orphan, alas! no relations remain,
I'm chill'd with the cold, I'm wet with the rain.*

*From morning till ev'ning I wander along,
Unheeded by all, tho' I plaintively moan;
But children of pleasure pass by in disdain,
Nor think of the orphan that's wet with the rain.*

*My garments are tatter'd, my looks pale and wan,
I am willing to labor, yet work I have none;
I am sinking with hunger, no food can I gain,
Then pity the orphan that's wet with the rain.*

*But God sends relief to the orphans unknown,
For peace and contentment is a happy throne;
Then look with compassion, ne'er look with disdain,
And pity the orphan that's wet with the rain.*

SONNET.

TO A YOUNG LADY IN AFFLICTION.

*YES, thou shalt smile again!—Time always heals,
In youth, the wounds of sorrow. O! survey
You now subsided deep, through night a prey
To warring winds, and to their furious peals
Surging tumultuous. Yet, as in dismay,
The settling billows trembling: morning steals
Grey on the rocks; and soon, to pour the day
From the streak'd east, the radiant orb unveils
In all the pride of light. Thus shall the glow
Of beauty, health, and hope, by soft degrees,
Spread o'er thy breast; disperse these storms of woe,
Wake with soft pleasure's sense, the wish to please,
'Till from those eyes the wonted lustre flow,
Bright as the sun on calm and chrystal seas.*

CAPTAIN *****'S EXCUSE FOR NOT FIGHTING
A DUEL.

*WHAT! you're afraid, then?—yes, I am—you're
right;
I am afraid to sin but not to fight:
My country claims my service; but no law
Bids me in folly's cause my sword to draw.
I fear not Man, nor Devil; but, though odd,
I'm not ashamed to own, I fear my GOD.*

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON FRANKNESS.

FRANKNESS of temper is one of the amiable lineaments of mind, yet many persons imagine that bluntness of disposition is synonymous, which perhaps is one reason that some censure it. Men of this temper frequently experience unpleasant sensations: they are often the sport of deceit and sarcasm. To speak in an undisguised manner our real sentiments, is manly and pleasing; but to speak in obedience to the impulse of our feelings, is sometimes rude and disgusting. The man of frankness will refuse an improper solicitation, or one with which he cannot comply without hesitation and without asperity; the blunt man will deny a similar request, but the coarse manner will give an additional poignancy to disappointment.

In our commerce with men, degrees of restraint upon such a disposition are necessary.—If, as some will tell us, every individual is selfish and dissimulating, it is proper, in order to avoid being the dupes of credulity, to cherish the same suspicion of one man as of another. If this doctrine be just, how must the ingenuous heart of virtue be afflicted! must one of our associates through life be that ever-watchful unhappy wretch Suspicion, and merely that we may never be deceived? No, rather let us be deceived than adopt such ungenerous sentiments.

As man was formed for society, it is necessary he should conform, in a certain degree, to the manners of the world; it does not degrade his character when he restrains a spirit of railery, which few can bear without anger, or checks those sentiments of merited reproof, which few can receive without resentment.

Frankness is no enemy to politeness, it rather gives the last graceful stroke that finishes the character. The undisguised countenance of a frank man, pleases and enlivens the heart with as much power as when contemplating the beauty of an unclouded day.

The frank man is an ardent friend, and an open enemy.—Those he dislikes he scorns in secret to calumniate: He tells them personally of their treachery and of their vices: They may be astonished at his intrepidity, but they ultimately approve.

A pupil of Lord Chesterfield would pity the man who embraced such sentiments, and with some plausibility, for even with our most intimate friends it requires courage to acquaint them of their faults. Reproof, however softened, is like a dagger thrust into the heart; the generality of men will not bear sincerity: hence refined dissimulation and delusive flattery are encouraged, and those who boast of discernment and of wisdom, often fall blind victims at the shrine of folly.

On almost every occasion, individual or public, to act with frankness is to be recommended: instead of diffuseness, tediousness, and sophistry in negotiation, it would, like a pioneer, remove every obstruction that impeded the progress of reconciliation.

To the over-refined, frankness may be disgusting. Virtue, alas, without the graces, has with the world but small attractions: it may excite approbation—not esteem. But no man of real sense would depreciate the value of a diamond because in its native dress it possesses no mark of brilliancy.

K.

SONG.

SUNG IN THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

SLEEP you or wake you, Lady bright,
Sing megan oh, oh megan ee,
Now is the fittest time for flight,
Sing megan oh, oh, megan ee,
Know from your tyrant father's power,
Beneath the window of your tower,
A boat now waits to set you free.
Sing megan oh, oh megan ee, &c.

Tho' deep the stream, though high the wall,
Sing megan oh, &c.
The danger trust me, love, is small,
Sing megan oh, &c.
To spring below then never dread,
My arms to catch you shall be spread,
And far from hence you soon shall be.
Sing megan oh, &c.

Fair Emma hush'd her heart's alarms,
Sing megan oh, &c.
She sprung into her lover's arms,
Sing megan oh, &c.
Unhurt she fell, then, swift its way,
The boat pursu'd without delay,
While Emma plac'd on Edgars knee.
Sing megan oh, oh megan ee.

THE DANGER OF FLATTERY.

THE poet Nebati, who had long subsisted by the praises he lavished upon the great Khorasan, was cited one day before the cadi. He was so accustomed to praise and flatter even the very servants of his patron, that he was very sure of having injured no one. He had neither lands nor other possessions, and having no pretensions to any, nor owing any man any thing, he could not conceive who could have any complaint against him. Being arrived before the cadi, he heard a person charge him with a debt of an hundred pieces of gold. "Upon what is your claim founded?" says the astonished poet. "In one of your performances," replied the plaintiff, "you made a copy of very fine verses upon our grand vizier Ibn-malik, and those verses ought to produce me an hundred pieces of gold, either from him or you. The purport of those verses were as follows: 'Ibn-malik surprises all her world by his acts of generosity, and if any one asks a benevolence at his hands, I will engage that he shall not be denied.' Upon the credit of this beautiful distich, I applied to the vizier for a hundred pieces of gold, which I had a pressing occasion for, but he has not granted my request. I am not however uneasy about it, since you have promised to answer for him." The poet not doubting of success, desired only time to see the first debtor; and running to the vizier, told him, "I have done you an honor, which I am persuaded you will not forfeit your pretensions to: I do not request you to acquit me of my engagement, but I advise you to prove yourself such as I have painted you to the world." "Well," says the vizier, "for this time I will comply; but my modesty enjoins you not to confer so much honor upon me for the future."

JEMMY SPILLER, another of the jocose comedians, going through rag-fair, a place where they sell second hand goods, cheapened a leg of mutton, he saw hang up at butcher's stall. The butcher said it was a groat a pound. Are you not an unconscionable fellow, said Spiller, to ask such a price, when one may have a new one for that in Clare-market.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 27, 1805.

Thirty-six Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 20th inst.

The frigate John Adams has dropped down to Staten Island, and will sail the first fair wind for the Mediterranean: As also two of the gun boats which are now at anchor in the river.

Capt. Hamilton, of the ship Vigilant from Martinique, informs that the Rochfort squadron had gone to the City of Domingo, for the purpose of landing some troops for the defence of that island against the blacks.

We learn by one of the passengers in the Ambition, that Mons. Chape, the famous Inventor and Director of the Telegraphs in France, shot himself a few days before they sailed. He left a letter directed to his family connexions, informing, that the only reason for this act of suicide was, because he was tired of living!

The same gentleman informs us, that by an Imperial Decree, the Minister of Justice was ordered to declare the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte in America, null and void, the said marriage having been made contrary to the laws of France, and the will of Mrs. Bonaparte, the mother of Jerome.

N. Y. Gaz.

TRENTON, April 22.

On the 15th inst. were laid the corner stone of the foundation of a new Presbyterian Church in this city. The Elders, Trustees and Managers of the building, with a respectable number of the citizens attending, an appropriate prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Minister of the congregation. The scene was solemn, impressive and affecting. A plate of copper, inscribed April 1805, with the minister's name, was laid between two large stones of the foundation of the south-east corner. The foundation, though much more extensive, is laid nearly on the site of the old church, which stood about 80 years.

Beneath the stone of the old church was discovered a small but well and neatly finished vault, arched with brick, containing two coffins, which their dress and furniture and the habiliments of the corpses denoted to have been persons of distinction, and most probably a husband and wife. But the records of the early times of this church having been lost during the revolution. Tradition tells us not certainly who these were. From a remnant of a defaced inscription containing the figures 170, it is probable one of the coffins must have been deposited at least 96 and the other 105 years, some time before the old Church was erected. The vault remains under the floor of the new edifice.

THE BLIND HUSBAND.

A citizen of Tauris, in easy circumstances, had a daughter he was fond of, but so miserably deformed, that nothing less than paternal love could render her supportable. Being desirous of providing for her, he resolved to marry her to a blind man, hoping that such a one, not seeing her defects, would not treat her with contempt. The design succeeded, and Umer, who espoused her, lived amicably with his wife. A short time after, there arrived at Tauris a famous oculist, who had the reputation of having restored sight to multitudes of people, and the old man was urged to consult him for his son-in-law: to which advice he replied, "I will carefully avoid that experiment, for if the oculist should restore my son-in-law to sight, he will soon restore me my daughter."

COURT OF HYMEN.

EACH lover that beholds these pairs,
With longing sighs will say,
"Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day."

MARRIED.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Doct. Beach, Mr. Albert Ogden, to Miss Jane Haigh.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Gurdon Buck, merchant, to Miss Susan Mamwaring.

Same evening, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. John H. Tallman, merchant, to Miss Sally Somerindyck, daughter of Mr. John Somerindyck, deceased.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Capt. John Byron, to Miss Ann Jappie daughter of capt. Paul Jappie.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Reverend Bishop Moore, Mr. Thomas H. Fast, merchant, to Miss Maria Lawrence, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

THAT life is long which answers life's great end.

DIED.

On the 5th of March, at Albany, Mr. WM. PURVISS, sen. in the 54th year of his age, a man who lived respected and died lamented.

On the 7th of April, in the 74 year of her age, Mrs. EXPERIENCE NOEL, relict of Mr. Gerret Noel, formerly of this city.

On Wednesday, the 24th April, Mrs. MARGARET DELEMATER, the consort of Mr. John Delemater, of this city.

On Friday last, of a consumption, Mrs. AMY HAND, the consort of Capt. Isaac Hand.

Such of our Subscribers as expect to remove the ensuing month, are requested to leave the proper direction at the Printing-Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3,

FOR THE

ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

ACADEMY.

E. ELY,

RETURNS thanks to his friends and employers for their liberal encouragement in the line of his business, and would respectfully inform them and the public, that in addition to his own exertions in Teaching, he has engaged a Young Gentleman of talents and liberal education, as an Assistant in his Academy; likewise a Lady, well qualified for teaching the various branches of Needle Work, or spelling and reading, whose school will open in a pleasant summer apartment of the same house, on Wednesday next, the first of May, and be under the particular inspection of Mr. ELY.

Encouragement is solicited, and faithful exertions promised. Mr. Ely will admit a select class of young Ladies for the completion of their improvement in Grammar and Geography from 6 to 8 o'clock A. M. at his Academy, No. 40 Partition-street.

Morning Tuition to commence the first of May.
April 27, 1805.

ACADEMY.

No. 57 ROOSEVELT-STREET.

THE Subscribers have this day opened their ACADEMY as above. Duly to be able how delicate and important parents justly consider the charge committed to us, it shall ever be our ambition to evince that their confidence is not misplaced.

A morning school will commence on the first of May.
S. MOOR,
I. M'KEEN.

April, 27 1804.

2414

COURT OF APOLLO.

A COMIC SONG.

IT chanc'd one day, that a crow so black,
Down in a meadow so green,
Had stol'n a crust from a pedlar's pack,
And carry'd it off unseen
Up in an apple tree flew the crow,
And ere she the taste of her prize could know,
A fox came by and stood below,
All in the meadow so green.

Says Reynard—Jove's eagle sure I see,
Up in a tree so high;
Says the crow to herself, He surely means me,
And a very fine bird am I.
What eyes, says Reynard, and what an air,
That plumage how divinely fair!
Never was beauty found so rare,
Up in a tree so high.

The crow enchanted clasp'd her wings,
A-lack, and a well-a day,
Says Reynard, I'm sure that angel sings,
Could I but hear the lay,
The crow look'd round at what he said,
For flattery often turns the head,
She open'd her mouth, and she drop'd her bread
Reynard caught it, and gallopp'd away.

ANECDOTE.

One intending to travel, asked a friend of his which was the nearest way to Rome? Why, says he, it is not far to it; for you have no more to do but to enter in at the gate of lewd life, which leads to the street of tradition, and it will bring you straight to the palace of supremacy, then you are at his holiness's feet, and you may kiss his toe when you please.

Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentlemen at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delightful sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. White's Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane

March 2, 1805.

843 11.

A CORRECT CHECK-BOOK
FOR THE EXAMINATION OF TICKETS IN LOT-
TERY NO. 3.
KEPT AT THIS OFFICE.

MORALIST.

SORROW.

WE should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself, I shall to day be uppermost? We should hold the immutable mean that lies between insensibility and anguish; our attempts should be, not to extinguish nature, but to repress it; not to stand unmoved at distress, but endeavor to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

LITERATURE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Banker-Street as usual; and will open another the first of May in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Streets now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools and make it his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality, and the civil department of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy and therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds, &c. upon the most reasonable terms.

Apr. 27, 85116.

SELECT SEMINARY.

Mr. NASH Teacher, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is about to remove to No. 7 Peck-Slip, near Pearl-street, where his school will be conducted on the same plan, and tuition at the same prices as during the winter preceding. He also thinks proper to inform his employers that his accommodations for the school are superior to any he has hitherto found in this city, and purposes to direct his attention entirely to business of instruction.

A MORNING SCHOOL.

Will likewise commence at the above place on the 1st of May ensuing, for the instruction of young Ladies in Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, and the use of the Globe, English Grammar, and English Composition.

Apr. 27 851 gw.

NEW-YORK REGISTERING

AND

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,

No. 9 Broad-street, near the City Hall, where families or single gentlemen, upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description, merchants with clerks, mechanics with journeymen; also, servants, apprentices, journeymen, mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places.

N. B. A few servants on the books that can be well recommended,

April 27.

85116.

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,
NEATLY BOUND,
For some years back, for sale at this Office.

N. SMITH.

Chemical Perfumer from London; at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Rose No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel).
Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worked & cotton Car-
ters.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 8l. each.

Smith's Chemical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that add all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per quart.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4l. and 8l. per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1l. and 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose 2l. and 6d.

Smith's favonnette royal paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4l. and 8l. per pot do. paste.

Smith's chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 4l. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes.—Almond powder for the skin, 8l. lb.

Smith's Circassia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3l. per box.

* * THE best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Superfine white Starch Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

Ladies and Gentlemen's pocket books.

MILINARY

A Saunders, finding that he cannot quit his present line of business so soon as he intended, without great loss on his stock on hand. Begs leave to inform his customers and the public that he still continues his business at his store No 119 William Street, where, he has a general assortment of Straw, Leghorns, and Paper Bonnets as usual, whole sale and retail.

March 2, 1805.

843 91.

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Of every description.

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